

the novelist. Directly the liquidation of Yizetelly & Co.'s business had been decided on, Ernest Yizetelly had found his occupation gone, for there were no new books to be initiated or seen through the press, and even most of those already in hand were abandoned, at least for the time. Vizetelly was therefore reduced to very great straits. At a moment's notice, so to say, he had to seek a living elsewhere. He was a journalist by profession, but for two or three years he had virtually severed his connection with newspapers. Moreover, his press work had almost invariably been that of a foreign correspondent, and his experience of such duties, even with some knowledge of European languages and politics thrown in, did not give him much chance of securing work in London. Again, one editor under whom he had written for eleven years had retired; another was dead. He knocked at a few editorial doors and encountered an unpromising reception. There was a decided prejudice against anybody bearing his name. After the release of his father from Holloway he helped him in a few little ventures, but was unable to secure any regular remunerative work. Many young men with only themselves to think often find it hard to begin life; it is harder still to begin it afresh when one is seven and

thirty and has given hostages to fortune. Vizetelly was married, had two children, and was expecting the advent of another child. Robert Buchanan, whom he often saw in connection with his father's troubles, inquired about his own private circumstances, and on learning the position generously helped him. "As you know," said Buchanan, "there are certain people who taunt me in the papers because I draw a Civil List pension and yet make a considerable income by my pen.